

SilentWorker.

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WRITTEN FOR THE SILENT WORKER.

The American School for the Deaf, at Hartford, Conn.

THE Hartford School, "Old Hartford," as it is affectionately called by the deaf, holds a place by itself among American institutions; it is, in a sense, "the mother of us all." Not that it was the first school of its kind in this country; not that Gallaudet and Clerc were pioneers in the sense that they were the first in America to teach successfully classes of deaf-mutes.

But the founders of the Hartford School built on foundations which have endured; they had the foresight, at an early stage of their work to secure for their undertaking the assistance of both the State and National governments, and thus to establish the principle that the education of the deaf, like that of the hearing, is a proper charge upon the public revenues.

This policy, which Prof. Bryce enumerates among the respects in which the United States are in advance of the most enlightened European nations, would hardly have prevailed so universally among so many commonwealths, each perfectly independent in such respects, had not the Hartford School, in its early years, worked so hard and so intelligently to make known to the public and to impress upon legislatures the needs of the deaf and the possibility of raising them by education.

The circumstances which led to the founding of the school are interesting, and beautifully illustrate the text: "A little child shall lead them." Alice Cogswell, the daughter of a Hartford physician of some eminence, was made deaf by scarlet fever in the year 1807. She was a singularly winning and beautiful child, and was loved with even more than a father's wonted love. Dr. Cogswell interested the clergy of the Congregational body—the "stated order," as it was then recognized in Connecticut—to have an investigation made into the number of deaf and dumb persons in the state. In 1815, the affair was so far ripe that it was determined to select a suitable person to undertake the establishing of a school for the deaf and to send him to Europe to study the necessary methods.

Funds for the purpose were raised in a single day among the liberal citizens of Hartford, and the man for the work was found in Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, a graduate with

high honors from Yale College and Andover Theological Seminary.

Mr. Gallaudet had formed a friendship with Alice, and her strong childish confidence and affection led him to feel that he was especially called to work for those afflicted like her. In April, 1815, he sailed from New York, returning in August, 1816. His stay abroad, none too long at the best, was in large part frittered away in the

to give to the study, he could not undertake to direct the teaching of deaf-mutes without the assistance of some one who had had practical experience in the work. He selected as the most suitable person for such an assistant Mr. Laurent Clerc, a deaf young man, the most brilliant pupil of Sicard, and, as events showed, a man of unusually sound judgment and broad mind. It



THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET.

vain attempt to acquire a knowledge of the art from English speaking teachers of the deaf. To them this knowledge was a secret of the trade—a way to make money, and they would impart it only on the payment of exorbitant fees and under the pledge that the student of the art should teach it to no one.

Crossing to France at last, Mr. Gallaudet found the education of the deaf in the hands of the priests, and conducted as a work of Christian philanthropy. The Abbé Sicard, the head of the Paris institution, received the embassy from the New World with cordial warmth and did every thing to make his errand successful.

The young American very soon gained an insight into the principles of the system, but he wisely felt that, with the short time he had been able

has been generally supposed that Clerc was congenitally deaf, but it has lately been stated that he lost his hearing at the age of six years. Still, it must be allowed that he had a remarkably quick mind, when we say that during the passage across the Atlantic, he had acquired, through the written instruction of Mr. Gallaudet, a fair working knowledge of English.

In the spring of 1817, the school so long planned for was opened in Hartford, and this institution, destined to be the parent of so many others, and, from present indications, likely to retain her vigor as long as any of her descendants, began her eventful existence.

It will be noticed that the origin of the school was largely due to religious influences. The feeling that by

education alone could the deaf-mute be brought into conscious relations with his Creator was probably the strongest motive in prompting the efforts of the Conference of Ministers and of Gallaudet himself. The writer remembers hearing how the agent of the school came on horseback to his grandfather's door and urged this aspect of the work, and how the old deacon and his family were stirred with sympathy for these their fellow-Christians thus strangely shut out from the knowledge of that gospel which to the Puritan was the one great good of life. From that door and from many another home of the plainer virtues among the New England hills, the agent went away with a gift surprisingly large in proportion to the resources of the stony acres—incidentally large to those who persist in the view that the stern economy of the old New England life indicated a niggard disposition. A rigid denial of all indulgence of the palate, the taste for dress, for amusement, that so expense may be lavished on books and study, or on works of charity, is generosity of the noblest kind—it is far more, it is heroism.

No doubt the fact that Gallaudet received such a welcome from men of religion, though of a different religion, strengthened the tendency to regard the instruction of the deaf as largely a religious work.

It was certainly so regarded at the Hartford School, where the doctrines of the "evangelical" Protestant churches were taught "after the most straitest sect of our religion." But with his usual good sense Mr. Gallaudet declined the attempt to use the very "forms of sound words" that were then thought essential, and so, as the story goes, a Congregational clergyman visiting the school and expecting that of course the pupils would be well drilled in the Westminster Catechism, was surprised when, putting to a very bright lad the first question in the formulary, viz.—"What is the chief end of man?" he got the answer: "His head!"

It was, no doubt, natural, but none the less unfortunate, that the coolness and mercenary spirit shown by Braidwood should have caused a prejudice against his methods, so that for many years the mention of articulation teaching for the deaf was treated as charlatanry and imposture. Later, this error has been seen and avoided, as will appear further on.

Mr., afterwards Dr., Gallaudet,



DR. MASON COGSWELL.

remained twelve years at the head of the school, resigning in 1830.

An anecdote which has been preserved will show that in spirit he was a worthy follower of the good Abbé de l'Épée, who, denied himself fuel in the bitter winter that he might have the means to support perhaps another of his deaf children.

A pupil at Hartford who, like many of the pupils in those early years, came to the school a man in years and in bodily strength—a savage in his uncontrolled temper and ignorance of divine and human law, provoked at some trifle, snatched a carving-knife and rushed at Mr. Gallaudet, who standing quietly and facing the angry youth, pointed upwards, then bent his hand down, forming the sign, "God sees." The young man burst into tears and threw the knife on the floor.

Dr. Gallaudet married a deaf lady, one of his pupils, of unusual beauty, intelligence and force of character. Her dignified and attractive appearance will be remembered by all who knew her.

The part played by Laurent Clerc in the history of deaf-mute instruction deserves more notice than has been given to it. The fact that in less than a year from the time he began to learn English, he was so proficient that he could appear in public and face the puzzling and often absurd questions asked by a miscellaneous audience, is proof of very unusual quickness of mind. If we may believe that all the definitions at these exhibitions were given off-hand, we must concede that few of his questioners could have done as well. As a teacher, his ability seems to have been unusual.

He brought from France a method of sentence-analysis very similar to, if not identical with the "five slate system" so deservedly popular among teachers of the deaf to-day. As in the system of Gouin, the verb was made in his teaching the centre of in-

terest. His signs were dignified, strong and clear.

Mr. Clerc lived to the advanced age of eighty-four, and commanded the respect of all, in every relation of life.

The Hartford school has always been noted for the high standard of scholarship and of literary taste and skill among its teachers. It was here, as stated in a former article in this paper, that the *Annals* was started, and for some time its main dependence was on home talent for material. The present teaching force of the school keeps up its old reputation in this respect.

Dr. G. O. Fay, who heads the list of



LAURENT CLERC.

teachers, is second to no one in this country in the respect of teachers of the deaf. Mr. W. G. Jenkins is known as a graceful and effective writer on matters pertaining to the deaf. Miss Caroline C. Sweet is the author of a set of language-teaching books for the deaf, which are more widely used than any others in American schools. These books, as well as several others of merit by teachers in the school, have been published at the expense of the Ellen Lyman Memorial Fund, a wise bequest in view of the need of special books for the deaf, and the narrow field for the sale of such books.

The school has to-day seventeen teachers, besides special instructors. There are thirteen classes, in which any and all means of instruction that are found helpful are used throughout

the day, and about seventy per cent of the pupils in these classes receive also an hour's instruction in speech every day. In several of the classes much use is made throughout the day of speech. The work which is done in this line is, in our judgment, excellent, and will probably (we are giving our own opinion merely) extend further through the school as its results justify themselves. The main dependence in the school is the finger alphabet and writing, but signs are used as aids in explanation, when deemed necessary. The ends aimed at are mental development and a ready use of English, written and spoken. The system on which the training of the pupils to these ends is conducted is more appropriately termed the eclectic than the combined. This system finds one of its ablest defenders in Dr. Williams, and aided by his strong corps of teachers he has good results to show for it.

Dr. Williams was born in Pomfret,

article gives a faithful representation of the kindly, clear-headed, high minded man under whose direction "Old Hartford" is still working with all the freshness of youth. W. J.

MIKE.

BY H. W. FRENCH.

WAY in old Ireland, where great cliffs rise high and straight out of the sea, lived my good friend Mike.

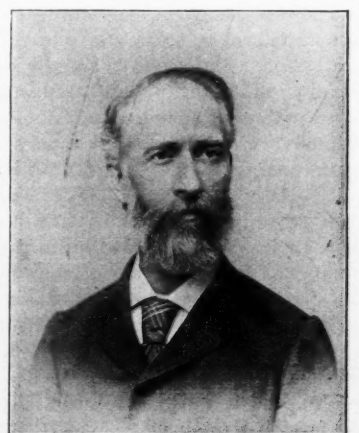
Many a time I met Mike while wandering about on those cliffs, or rowing, when the water was calm enough, down under the grim and awful ledges. He always had a bright smile and a wave of his hand, whether he was hoeing in his poor tired out potato-field or gathering dillisk, a kind of sea-weed, which formed a good part of the food upon which he and his bedridden old mother kept life in their bodies. Yet in all the time that I knew him, and knew that he was my friend, I never knew more of him than that in this poor way he paid the rent of their miserable one-room hut and cared for that poor old mother.

We never exchanged a word, for Mike was deaf and dumb, but you would have known to look at him, without hearing a word about the mother, that Mike was a true lad and an open-hearted friend to every one.

A time came when the potato crop failed and the pig died. Mike sold the chickens, which were all that was left, to pay the rent, and they lived on dillisk alone. I did not know anything about it at the time. I only knew that there was the same smiling greeting from my mute friend.

The next year the failure of the crop was even worse than before, and Mike had nothing left to sell, and could not live on less than the sea-weed which he gathered himself, and water from the spring.

The poor old mother grew weaker and weaker, and when the time came when the rent was due and there was nothing to pay it with, the woman



Job Williams.

Conn., a name familiar to us in connection with stout old Israel Putnam. His father moved to Worcester, Mass., when Mr. Williams was only three years old. He was graduated from Yale in the class of 1865. After graduation, taught in private schools for two years, came to Hartford in 1866, and became Principal in 1879. In 1868, he married Miss Kate Stone, the daughter of Rev. Collins Stone, then Principal of the institution. Of the four children of this union, the oldest son has upheld at Yale the reputation which the sons of teachers of the deaf have gained, of excellence in study and for prowess in the athletic field. Gallaudet, of '92, is still referred to as the great stroke oar, and Ely, of Maryland, made a name for himself, too.

The portrait accompanying this

had hardly life enough left to realize it all.

The agent made Mike understand that he must either pay or be evicted, but Mike only opened his empty hands and shook his head; then he sat down by his mother's cot and gently smoothed her gray hair, and refused to try to understand anything more of the agent.

The owner of the property all along the cliffs wanted possession of the hut, as he proposed making changes there and erecting a summer house for himself on the spot. So he was all the more pleased with an opportunity to evict the tenant who could not pay rent.

He came himself with the agent and the officers, and brought his little girl.

Most of the neighbors were as bad-

knees, his red, wet eyes looking sadly out over the ocean.

Suddenly a boat came around the point, struggling in the waves, and Mike saw the landlord standing in the prow, making frantic gestures.

Instantly his eyes ran down the cliff, for he knew that just below him was the cove where one who did not know of it might be caught by the tide, and that to be caught there with such a sea coming in would be certain death.

To his horror then Mike saw the landlord's little daughter with the waves already reaching her. In an instant his eyes measured the distance to the boat. It could not possibly reach the cove in time, even if it was able to reach there at all without being dashed in pieces against the rocks. Already the boatmen were

let himself fall the last thirty feet.

Those in the boat saw it all, and then the waves covered him from their sight for a moment. Then next they saw him again leaping into the waves with the little girl on his back. They pulled toward him with might and main as he swam for the boat, and soon the landlord's daughter was lifted out of the water, saved!

And Mike? I believe they tried to save him. Human beings could not well have helped it after his heroic act, but he had been injured by his fall. He died before they reached the shore. Poor fellow, it was almost providential, almost fortunate, after all, for his old mother died a few minutes after he left her, and I am sure his heart would have broken had he returned to find her gone. It was better for him, I think, that he gave

passed by the Commons, another House of Commons, elected on that issue, again passes the bill, they will not venture to defeat it again.

By English law, a citizen is justified in resisting even an officer, unless the latter is acting under the provisions of the law.

English judges are independent of the executive, and are as ready to decide against the government in favor of a citizen as the other way.

In England "a man may speak the thing he will," in regard to anything or any person, high or low, subject, of course, to the law of libel.

In England the government does not spy into the life and doings of the citizen, except in the case of criminals.

In all these respects the English government is like our own and differs from monarchies such as Germany,

and from such republics (so called) as France — much more from Russia and most of the South American "republics."

Venezuela occupies a large territory, very thinly settled.

The government has lately granted to an American company a tract about as large as New England.

The people are mostly Indian, negro, or a mixture of these races. They are brave, and under good discipline would make excellent soldiers. They have artists, architects and engineers of much talent. Caracas, the capital, is a beautiful city, and has been called "The Paris of South America."

The government is called a republic but is really a military despotism.

The present President was a private citizen, but with seven men began an attack on the existing government, and succeeded in seizing power himself. Within a year a gentleman known to the writer, the head of an arms-manufacturing company, was approached with the proposition that his company furnish a schooner load of arms, to be sent to a certain point, where the men would be ready, and the force thus armed would march on the capital, seize the government, and turn the Custom House receipts over to the arms-company. This, the Venezuelan said, was the way such things were always managed in his country. Judges, legislators and government officers of all kinds are only the tools of the "President" for the time being.

It seems, therefore, that as regards government, England is vastly more like the United States than Venezuela is.



THE HARTFORD SCHOOL FOR DEAF-MUTES.

ly off as Mike, and the poor old mother was carried upon a table for more than a mile to the nearest hut that could possibly give her shelter.

Mike carried one end of the table. He would have carried it all if he could, and they said the great tears rolled down his brown cheeks all the way. Then he came back and went out to the very brink of the cliff behind the hut and sat down there all alone.

He could not have heard if any one had come to him with words of sympathy. He could not hear the waves beating on the sand below, coming nearer and nearer to the cliff. He could not bear the shrill shrieks which rose from a little sheltered cove just down below him, which was always the last point to be covered by the incoming tide, but in his Sunday clothes he sat with his head between his

holding back. They did not mean to venture there. It would have been folly.

Mike started to his feet. Did he remember that it was the landlord who, an hour before evicted his dying mother? That it was the little daughter he had brought to watch the eviction, and see where he was to build a beautiful house for her? I do not know but I do know that Mike, poor, dumb Mike had a real, true heart that was ready with joy or help or sympathy for those who needed it. I do know that in an instant Mike was over the brink of that sheer cliff, and that catching, clinging, clutching on the ragged edges of the rocks, he went down, down, down, till at last he could not reach another rough place, nor did he dare wait an instant to look for one, but throwing his body as far out on the ledge as possible, he

his life in one grand act of kindness to those who had injured him.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

WRITTEN FOR THE SILENT WORKER.

ENGLAND AND VENEZUELA.

The following facts about these two countries are of interest at present. The government of England is in effect that of a republic with a head who holds the place for life and is succeeded by his or her heir. This head (called a king or queen) is the real executive ruler only in smaller matters. The real head of the government is the leader of the party in power at the time.

The power of making laws rests finally with the House of Commons, elected by the people, for although the House of Lords must also agree to a bill before it can become a law, yet if, after they have thrown out a bill

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

ERNEST J. D. ABRAHAM.

Editor—Dreamer—Author—Dramatist—Preacher—Socialist,

BY C. ALLEN CLARKE,

The Lancashire Journalist Novelist & Poet.

Mr. Ernest J. D. Abraham, the editor of *The British Deaf-Mute*, is rather a curious, as well as a remarkable individual. It is not often one comes across a man so many-sided, with so many puzzling touches of eccentricity and paradox in his character, as the subject of this article.

Mr. Abraham was born at Greenwich, Kent, England, on the 12th March, 1867. He is, therefore, at the present time only 28 years of age, though the constant toil and anxieties on account of his labors, have given him an appearance of several years older.

Mr. Abraham's struggles in life began early. When he was a lad of nine years of age, a fatal accident occurred to his father, and the subject of our sketch had to begin life in grim earnest. Yet his early hardships have given him their compensation. The youth who is early cast into the struggle for existence learns valuable lessons, he acquires grit, self-reliance, priceless experience. In this manner Mr. Abraham benefited. Having to trust to his own efforts for success, his individuality developed and he became independent of mind, and original in thought. He knew he had to rely on his own strength, his own aim, in the battle of life; and became a man in courage and energy, while he was but a boy in years. Before he was fourteen, he had a turn at the drapery business, then in a chemist's shop, next in a merchant's office; and, at the age of fourteen, was adopted by the Reverend John Jennings, a deaf-mute minister, and founder of the "South London Gospel Mission to the Deaf and Dumb." This generous and benevolent gentleman sent his young protege to a private college for a year; and the ready and diligent pupil spent his evenings at this period in studying the sign-language; thus equipping himself for the future great work of his manhood. When the subject of our sketch was fifteen years of age, he became assistant to Mr. Jennings and soon made himself exceedingly popular with the deaf and dumb. Anyone who knows Mr. Abraham can easily understand why he should so quickly get into the hearts of the Deaf and Dumb. There is no man anywhere with a sweeter sympathy and swifter insight into character. Full of buoyant spirits, ever smiling and merry, quick to soothe, and heal, with word or more practical help, gentle with the weak, sportive with the strong, flashing out jest and humor every minute, with every dramatic gesture of body and trick of

countenance that better enforce a tale, whether of pathos or humorous.

By and bye Mr. Jennings opened a free school for the deaf and dumb, and Mr. Abraham became the tutor. In 1884, Mr. Jennings died and Mr. Abraham was appointed his successor (by a majority of eighty votes) by the deaf and dumb themselves, though he was not yet eighteen years of age. This onerous post Mr. Abraham occupied till April 1887, when he accepted an appointment on the staff of "The Manchester Society for promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Deaf and Dumb," and he is now the Superintendent of the "Bolton Bury and Rochdale Society."

He has also been down a coal mine, up in a balloon and gone through many other various novel experiences. This wide knowledge of men and things makes him the entertaining companion that he is.

We said that Mr. Abraham was an actor, he most certainly is; and would have been a success on the stage, particularly in comedy. He was formerly well known throughout the amateur theatrical world as "Claude Claremonte," besides playing parts himself, he has written little dramas; having also arranged little sketches and farces for the performances of the Deaf and Dumb; by no means an easy task, when it is re-



ERNEST J. D. ABRAHAM,
(Editor of *The British Deaf-Mute*.)

which was formerly a branch of the Manchester Institution. Mr. Abraham is a writer as well as an organizer and preacher. Mr. Abraham began to write for the press at the early age of sixteen, under the name of "Ernest Jennings," but he soon dropped that pseudonym and adopted the *nom-de-plume* of "Lucian V. Ralph," by which he is now well known in all parts of the world where the welfare of the Deaf and Dumb is sought. Mr. Abraham is a born journalist, and would undoubtedly have made a bright career as a pressman, if he had cared to embark in that profession. He has all the journalistic instincts and *bonhomie*. For purposes of copy, he has smoked in an opium den, slept in a doss house, danced and played cricket with the inmates of a Lunatic Asylum, and otherwise ventured into curious and out-of-the-way positions.

membered that all the talk has to be translated into action and gesture; and the whole piece to be expressed in true pantomime. Some of the pieces thus produced by Mr. Abraham are, "When Master's Out," "Beauty and the Beast," "My Sister's Young Man," "The Outpost," "The Idle Sculptor," "The Showman," "Oliver Muddle," and "The Rajah Rum Rusti," which always prove entertaining and amusing to any audience when played by a troupe of deaf-mutes, as shoals of eulogistic press opinions testify.

Mr. Abraham possesses remarkable powers of thought reading, indeed, he is known as the "Lancashire Irving Bishop," and the *Oldham Chronicle* says of his performance in this line, "a most miraculous performance, amazing and incomprehensible." However, we must quit this part of the

subject. There is not space for the many flattering press notices of Mr. Abraham's ability in this direction. We have thus proved that our subject is a teacher, a preacher, a writer, an actor, and a public entertainer. But his versatility is not yet ended. He is a successful lecturer. His theme is mostly the deaf and dumb; in whose behalf he labors indefatigably, he holds large audiences entranced, now splitting with laughter, now moved to tears. Of course Mr. Abraham is just the man to have plunged into newspaper enterprises. In 1885, in London, he started, "The Deaf and Dumb World," which ran for nearly two years. About the same time he organized an exhibition of work executed by deaf-mutes, this was visited by thousands of people.

He is the recipient of many valuable tokens of the esteem in which he is held by the deaf and dumb and the public at large, among these presents being a watch and a purse of gold from the deaf, and a beautiful album filled with photographs of the members from the Garrick Dramatic Society.

About three years ago Mr. Abraham was approached by Mr. Joseph Hepworth, proprietor of "The Deaf Chronicle," a monthly magazine, and eventually undertook the chief editorial duties, the titles of the paper being changed, at his suggestion, to *The British Deaf Mute*, which is now well known both at home and abroad, thanks to Mr. Abraham's advertising and push. Its circulation has rapidly increased under Mr. Abraham's care to an issue of nearly 15,000 copies per month and is still going up. Two years ago Mr. Abraham took the initial and leading part in founding "The Institute of Missionaries for the Deaf," which has obtained a firm footing and will undoubtedly be productive of much good. As we said before Mr. Abraham is many-sided. He knows that physical culture is just as essential as mental; so, not content with educating the deaf, morally and spiritually, he has always seen that they get a due amount of bodily exercise and gymnastics. With the aid of Mr. Joseph Barnes (himself a deaf-mute) he has organized and successfully carried out for the last few years an annual "Deaf and Dumb Athletic Sports," which are very popular, the last being attended by over ten thousand persons. In person Mr. Abraham is above the medium height, slim in figure, and very energetic, he has a fair rosy complexion a very mobile face and bright twinkling eyes, now alight with fun, now sad at some story of suffering. His influence over the deaf seems magnetic, they understand him without any effort on his part; and they love him.

He is a hard worker; never at rest; ever busy with something or other; honored by his friends, feared by his foes; the latter being few.



ERNEST J. D. ABRAHAM,
"On The Platform."

As a Missionary and worker for the deaf, he is unrivalled, and his whole soul is in his labors. He represented "The British Deaf-Mutes," at the late Worlds Congress for the Deaf, and also, read a paper at the Congress of Instructors. Since his visit to the States, he has taken a lively interest in the American Deaf, and, as a perusal of the *British Deaf-Mute*, will show, is interestedly cognizant of all that goes on in the land of "Stars and Stripes."

At some future times, he hopes to revisit the United States to make a tour of the American Institutions and last, but not least, "grip in fellowship," the hands of those who read this brief sketch of his career.

Tabular Statement of American Schools for the Deaf.—1894-95.

(From the *American Annals*.)

There are eighty-nine schools for the deaf in the United States. Of this number, fifty-five are public schools, and thirty-four are denominational, private and day schools.

The oldest school for the deaf in this country is the American School for the Deaf located at Hartford, Conn., and established in 1817.

The total number of pupils in attendance in 1895 was 10,679. Of this number 9,724 were in the public schools and 955 were in the denominational, private, and day schools. 5,084 pupils have been taught speech during 1895. Of this number 4,341 were taught speech in the public schools for the deaf and 743 were taught speech in the denominational, private, and day schools. 2,570 were taught wholly by the oral method, and 149 by the auricular method.

The largest number of pupils at any one school (502) Nov. 15, 1895, was at the Philadelphia School.

The smallest number (3) was at the Eastern Iowa School.

835 persons are actively engaged in

instructing the deaf. Of this number, 173 are themselves deaf.

Of the eight-nine schools in the United States, fifty-eight use the combined method of instruction; twenty-six, the oral method; and five the manual method.

The total valuation of the grounds and buildings of fifty-five public schools is over eleven million dollars, divided as follows:

Pennsylvania,	\$1,000,000
Ohio,	700,000
Columbia Institution,	750,000
Indiana,	525,000
N. Y. Ins't (N. Y. City),	506,000
*California,	450,000
Michigan,	420,255
Illinois,	420,000
Iowa,	400,000
New York Institution for improved Institution,	350,000
Missouri,	301,000
Louisiana,	300,000
Minnesota,	271,625
St. Joseph's Institute (N. Y.),	268,974
Maryland,	255,000
American School,	250,000
*Virginia,	250,000
Western Pennsylvania,	235,771
Texas,	225,000
Colorado,	220,894
Kansas,	206,000
Pennsylvania,	155,000
Le Couteux St. Mary's,	151,560
Tennessee,	150,000
North Carolina,	150,000
Kentucky,	140,000
Central New York,	137,500
Clarke Institution,	135,149
Western New York,	125,000
Alabama,	125,000
New Jersey,	120,000
Wisconsin,	110,253
*Washington State,	110,000
Nebraska,	100,000
Utah,	100,000
Arkansas,	95,000
West Virginia,	85,000
South Dakota,	81,675
Georgia,	80,000
Mississippi,	70,000
Home for Training in Speech,	58,000
*South Carolina,	55,000
Rhode Island,	50,000

*Texas School for Colored,	37,000
*Maryland School for Colored, Oregon,	35,000
	32,000
*North Carolina,	30,000
Portland School,	25,000
North Dakota,	22,000
*Florida,	20,000
New England Industrial School,	15,000
*New Mexico,	5,000
*Montana,	2,000

It cost the Pennsylvania School \$134,318 for support the last fiscal year. This is the largest amount given.

The New Mexico School spent the least—\$2,200.

The libraries of these schools contain over 83,000.

The Illinois School has the largest library—11,000.

The following industries are taught:

NAMES OF INDUSTRY.	NO OF SCHOOL
Art,	6
Baking,	7
Basket-making,	2
Blacksmithing,	1
Bookbinding,	1
Broom-making,	3
Cabinet-making,	19
Carpentry,	33
Chalk-engraving,	1
Chair-making,	3
Cooking,	7
Clay-modeling,	6
China-painting,	2
Dress-making,	18
Embroidery,	1
Engineering,	1
Fancy-work,	2
Farming,	3
Floriculture,	9
Gardening,	3
Glazing,	3
Harness-repairing,	1
Housework,	3
Horticulture,	1
Knitting,	1
Painting,	7
Plate-engraving,	3
Printing,	40
Sewing,	16
Shoe-making,	39
Sloyd,	4
Tailoring,	13

Wood-carving,	31
Wood-engraving,	1
Wood-turning,	5
Use of tools and woodwork,	4
No industries,	25

A SONG OF HOPE.

I.

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
What are you weaving—
Labor and sorrow?
Look to your looms again;
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master.
Life's in the loom,
Room for it—room!

II.

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
Lighten the labor
And sweeten the sorrow,
Now—while the shuttles fly
Faster and faster,
Up and be at it—
At work with the Master;
He stands at your loom,
Room for him—room!

III.

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow;
Look at your fabric
Of labor and sorrow,
Seamy and dark
With despair and disaster,
Turn it—and lo,
The design of the Master!
The Lord's at the loom,
Room for him—room.

—Sel.

Starting out on the New Year, "THE SILENT WORKER" for January bids fair to eclipse its 1895 record. Among other commendable features, an interesting sketch of the home school, with half tone cuts of the buildings and grounds appear. Principal Jenkins has reason to feel proud of the physical proportions discerned in the football team of 1895, whose photograph accompanies the sketch. Publisher Porter should canvas the other schools of the country for photos of their athletic teams. If for comparison alone, they would prove a decidedly interesting feature.—"Montague Tigg" in the *Deaf-Mute's Register*.



BRITISH INSTITUTE OF MISSIONARIES TO THE DEAF, FOUNDED BY ERNEST J. D. ABRAHAM.

The Garden

Conducted by Mrs. Weston Jenkins.

VIII.

ORCHIDS.

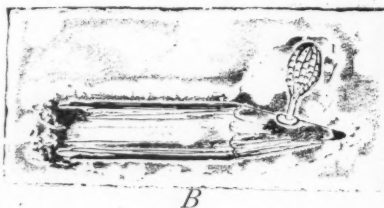
"The display of Orchids is like a fancy-dress ball. The blossoms seem to be masquerading. The characters they assume have been suggested by their insect friends and admirers,—and they are gotten up in costume as bees, moths, and humming-birds."—*E. M. Hardinge, With The Wild Flowers.*

IN the seventeenth century all Holland went mad over tulips. From a desire to possess the largest and finest collection the passion grew into a form of gambling. Houses were sold, farms were mortgaged, jewels were pawned to get money to purchase rare bulbs and the country might have been ruined if the government had not stepped in and put a stop to it.



There is a rage for orchids among the wealthy to-day recalls "the tulip mania" of Holland, for the supply cannot satisfy the demand—and unheard prices are paid for rare ones. Not many years ago the Duke of Devonshire gave five hundred dollars for a rare one from the Levant, and not long ago a New York lady capped this by paying no less than three thousand two hundred dollars for another. They certainly are aristocratic flowers and seemingly for the wealthy only. But the person of modest means who has fallen in love with the bright colored strangely shaped blossoms need not despair, while looking through a catalogue and staring aghast at the prices therein, for some well-known varieties can be purchased for fifty cents. A modest collection can be started with five dollars. Why are they so expensive, many will ask. Because the collectors must go into strange countries—they must brave fevers, malaria, snakes, mosquitoes and other dangers—they must climb mountains, wade swamps, invade dense forests. They are often gone months, sometimes years. Then the collected specimens must be carefully packed, transported over mountains on mule back, down rivers on flat-boats covered with blankets kept constantly drenched. After all this care, often it will be found that many are a dead loss on

reaching their destination. The whaling fleets of old hardly encountered as many dangers on the deep. The way in which the flowers, or rather plants, are gathered is interesting. Sometimes the native boys and men are hired to climb the very tall trees, sometimes a lasso, of string loaded with lead at one end, is thrown over a bough, then scraped along till the "plants" are loose; often, if a tree is covered with fine specimens it is cut down—a great sacrifice, as the tree is often a valuable one. Orchids belong to two classes—the *Terrestrial*, those that grow in the earth; and the *Epiphytes*, a Greek word meaning growing on other plants, but drawing no nourishment from them. The explanation that accounts for their leaving the soil and taking lodgings on trees, but not board, is that in the dense, rapid growing tropical forests, there is often only a twilight near the ground and the plants climb the trees to get sunlight and air necessary for their blooming. Travellers have often wondered at the dimness and silence low down, while the tops of the trees, almost out of sight,



would be alive with animal life and a gay garden of orchids and other strange plants, flourishing there, wasting their beauty where none can see.

The shapes they take on, and their coloring, are marvellous. Rich royal purples, lavenders, deep yellows, rosy purples, pure white and yellow, green of all shades spotted, striped and crossed with browns and lavender; some sombre and many more like Solomon in all his glory. As to form, many resemble butterflies, others are like moths and bees, the baby orchid has in its inner folds a form in a long white robe, the dove, swan and owl orchids bear a close resemblance to these birds. Venus-slipper is another well known variety. And most wonderful of all is the flower of the Holy Ghost, a pure white dove in the center. The plant that furnishes the seed from which we get vanilla extract belongs to the orchid family. They grow wild in every country, the best specimens familiar to America being the

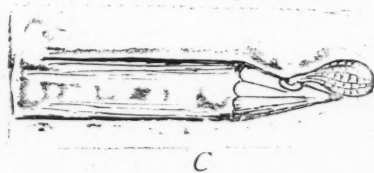


Moccasin Flower, (known to the French as the Virgin's Sabot and to the English as Lady's Slipper) the Greater Green Orchid and Lady's Tresses. To find them the seeker must go to low marshy grounds and along shores of lakes and ponds. In Hamlet, Shakespere makes the Queen say of Ophelia,—

"There, with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow flowers, nettles, and long purples."

The "long purples" are thought to be orchids, which grow in the Avon meadows.

These flowers belong to the class that need insect visitors to fertilize them. The leading characteristic of the orchid is that the pollen instead of being in the form of powder as in most flowers (such as we have all smeared our noses with in smelling a lily) composes two little columns cemented together and attached to the flower by a slender stem easily displaced by a slight touch. When an insect enters, it adheres to it, and in the next flower visited is brushed off. The seed when magnified is said to be a beautiful object. They are not so very difficult of



culture, but we cannot speak from experience, our one specimen having been a flat failure, therefore beginners should send for some book on the subject and study up their culture before purchasing. Nature is always busy composing new forms, she never exhausts herself.

Visitors to Philadelphia may remember while walking down Chestnut St. towards Independence Hall (or is it up street?) a large double brick mansion, and next to it by the side walk a conservatory full of palms, ferns, and striking plants, also many orchids in bloom. We never passed it without stopping and have often wondered why, with the ample grounds all around it, it was placed just where it was. Not long ago we

read that when Baldwin, the wealthy locomotive builder, was a poor boy, alone and friendless, he often stopped to look in a greenhouse standing on the street, and satisfy his love of flowers this way. He then formed a resolution that if he ever became a rich man he would build his greenhouses where others could see and enjoy the contents. When he eventually did become wealthy and erected his mansion, it is to his credit that he did not forget.

I. V. J.

How The Orchids are Fertilized.

The way in which orchid flowers are fertilized is so curious that we show on this page with a drawing taken from Darwin's work, by our own artist, just how it is done. The cut shows part of the flower, some of the petals having been cut away to show the rest more clearly. It must be kept in mind that the thing needed is to have the stigma (s), touched by the pollen (p), but by the pollen of another flower. The insect alights on the long petal, (l), and enters the flower. The sweet juice she is after is in the long tube, (n). As she sticks her proboscis into this tube, she cannot well avoid hitting her head against the end of the stem, (r), of the pollen masses (p). As this end is sticky, it adheres to the insect's head, and when she flies away, she carries them with her. When first removed from the flower, they stand upright, as shown in cut B, in which they have been removed by a pencil. After a few minutes, however, the stems bend forward, as shown in cut C, and now, on entering a flower, they are in position to strike the

stigma, (s), as soon as the insect thrusts its head into the opening. It will thus be seen that, by a very ingenious contrivance, it is provided that the pollen from a particular flower can never fertilize that same flower, but, at the same time, if the right insect visits it, that any other bloom of the same species in the vicinity shall be fertilized by it. Many tropical flowers fail to set seed in our greenhouses, because none of our insects has the right proportions to carry the pollen, so as to strike the right place on the second plant.

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creations hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless
skill,
And lose them in each other as appears
In every bud that blows?

—Thomson.

The beautiful corner piece on the Garden page was loaned through the kindness of Pitcher & Manda.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Pitcher & Manda, M. S. Nurseries, Short Hills, N. J.—The covers of this attractive pamphlet are adorned with really artistic colored plates of roses and pansies. The list of palms, orchids, seeds and hardy plants is, as usual, rich and varied.

For, next year the firm announce three striking novelties—a silver-leaved variety of the common myrtle, a new white blackberry and a new giant race of gladiolus from California. These last we have heard of before from the originator in California, and we believe that they are, with the exception of the finer varieties of Japan iris, the most splendid of out-door flowers, rivalling, in their season, the costly orchids in beauty.

J. M. Thorburn & Co., 15 John St., New York—Seeds of all kinds.—Justly called "Old Reliable." Every one who raises plants from seed should have a copy.

Vaughan's Seed Store, New York and Chicago—A full and attractive catalogue.

R. Wallace & Co., Colchester, England—Lilies and other bulbs.—The great lily house of the world, cataloguing many new and rare kinds. Although bulbs and plants are on the free list of the tariff, there is delay and expense getting goods through the custom-house. But for this, we could advise our readers to order from this firm.

Sign Language.

McGilly—It's strange that advertisers who use street cars should regard the passengers as deaf and dumb, isn't it?

Kuddy—They don't.

McGilly—Yes, they do. Don't they communicate with them by signs?—*Roxbury Gazette.*

SMALL OBSERVES.

BY THE SMALL OBSERVER.

PARENTS, who have the welfare of their children who are attending the schools for the deaf, at heart, should get information of the progress of their children's education from their children themselves. What reports of progress are sent out by officers and teachers are cold, matter-of-fact things, part of the officer's duties. Yet the children do not always write letters home at regular intervals.

When they do write, which periods are few and far between, the letter is a request for clothes, funds or other things which the pupil may need. Sometimes the pupil is too over-sensitive to write home the English characteristic of the deaf when in the early stage of their education, or sometimes he may be devoid of filial duty. It is those small things that draw the deaf away sometimes from home circles. With the above in view, the only remedy seems to be to make the duty of writing home at least every two weeks a part of the routine of the school.

How many parents would be gladdened by the receipt of a letter from their child? It would cultivate a sense of filial duty, lead to correct English and a taste for letter writing and last but not least draw the family bonds close together. The teacher could correct the mistakes, offer suggestions and help in general. At least one hour in each week should be devoted to the writing of letters home. I remember once when at school the teacher of one of the classes wrote a specimen letter to be sent home stating school events, the health of the senders, a few needs and some other things and with great eagerness the class went to work of their own accord and from that letter modeled out one slightly modified and of course sent it home. As the teacher did not repeat it to my knowledge few letters from that class went home.

* * *

It's pretty rough on the deaf to apply the title of "dummy" with what it means, but the use of "deaf and dumb," though correct, is quite unpleasant. It is also rather disagreeable to sensitive eyes (not ears) to be styled "deaf and dumb." "Deaf-mute" would sound far better and be more correct.

* * *

This summer many conventions of the deaf will be held. Isn't it about time New Jersey had her convention. If the New Jersey boys don't get a move on, in the eyes of the other states they won't stand very high. Come, now, some one take the lead—maybe that is what they are holding back for—and organize the New Jersey Association for the Deaf. The other papers are dropping hints on

the subject, so move on and improve your time.

Some newspaper correspondents are still waiting because the papers don't put them on the exchange list. My little scheme is to subscribe for what paper I need and thus insure its being sent regularly and no questions asked and thus preserve my identity. Perhaps the editor does not think the correspondents so neglected show enough literary talent.

WHY NOT NEW JERSEY?

EDITOR SILENT WORKER:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request to bring the matter of a State Association to the attention of the New Jersey readers of your paper. I was not born in the state, but was imported at the age of five, and from that time until I was seventeen I was as "jersey" a Jerseyman as you find 'em.

It was because that I felt that I had a good right to do so that I mentioned the idea in a recent issue of the *Mt. Airy World*, and while I felt sanguine of the success of the Association if the matter were properly pushed, I was not prepared for the very cordial reception that met the proposal.

Yes: Why not Jersey?

Within her borders are as many enthusiastic deaf people as almost any other state has. And these people possess as much intelligence, too. The State is not a large one, and the annual conventions would be more generally attended than those of the other states by reason of the fact that a \$5.00 bill will pay the fare from any one point to any other in the State even at regular rates.

Our conventions would be well attended by our brethren in New York and Pennsylvania, and the result of a Convention held at Asbury Park or Atlantic City, would prove that we could muster a larger attendance than our neighbors, and this would in no way be derogatory to them.

Among the prominent Jerseymen who could be entrusted with the details of organization are Prof. Lloyd of the New Jersey school, Mr. Capelli who is now boarding at the New York Institution, but who still claims Hoboken as a residence. Then there are the names of McClelland, Thompson, Thomas, Ward, Nash, McManus, Cook, Schanck, Stephenson, and hosts of others. Then there are the authorities of the New Jersey School, who I feel sure would give the project every assistance they could.

Originally I suggested that the Convention assemble in Camden after the adjournment of the National Convention, but my friend Seliney, who is a veteran in such matters, asks "Why wait till then?"

The point is well taken.

Instead of waiting, let us send a solid delegation to the National Convention wearing the colors of the Garden State:

Now to business:

Let us issue a call for a meeting at the Capital, (possibly the chapel of the State School will be available) to take place either on St. Patrick's day, or Decoration Day.

Once assembled—The rest is easy.

Very truly yours,

ALEX. L. PACH.

692 BERGEN ST., NEWARK N. J.
Feb. 14, 1896.

The New Jersey Association for the Deaf—Organize it at Once.

TO THE DEAF OF NEW JERSEY: The time now is ripe for the deaf of the State of New Jersey to hold a convention to discuss questions for the welfare and advancement of the class. Since the School for the Deaf at Trenton was opened, many have availed themselves of the opportunities it offered them and as a result the state of New Jersey has as well educated and as self supporting a class of deaf-mutes as can be found in any state in the Union. But yet the deaf citizens have held no convention. Why such a state of affairs? Have we not the material on hand to form an association for mutual welfare? We have the material, but so far no one has come forward and tried to form an association. Outsiders are hinting on the subject, are we to let outsiders form the association? That is the question that now confronts us, the danger even threatens us. I should think not. New Jersey has over two hundred deaf-mutes, abundant material to form an association from, they must form an association, and the sooner the better. A committee comprising some of the most prominent deaf-mutes in New Jersey should get together and volunteer to take the lead in organizing the association. Once organized everything would run smoothly. Some central point should be chosen to hold the convention and every known deaf-mute in the state of New Jersey should be informed of the date and place and should be there. It is not well that one should hang back and sacrifice mutual welfare for personal gains, but with the spirit that has ever characterized New Jersey take hold and send the association along. It should be formed this summer or never at all, delays are dangerous, so let us all be up and doing, learn to labor, not to wait.

WALLACE COOK.

A CARD OF APPROVAL.

I approve the suggestion of Mr. Cook in regard to the forming of a State Association of the deaf in New Jersey.

I shall be glad to help the plan forward in any way I can.

WESTON JENKINS.

The Silent Worker.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

AT THE

New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes.

WESTON JENKINS, M.A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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The Silent Worker is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER,

TRENTON, N. J.

Entered at the Post Office, in Trenton, as second-class matter.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

We desire to call the attention of our readers, and those who are not subscribers in particular, to our liberal subscription offer on one of our advertising pages. It is an excellent opportunity to get high-class illustrated magazines for the deaf cheap.

We have received from Mr. David Lubin, of Sacramento, California, a pamphlet in favor of Protection to Agricultural Staples by an Agricultural Bounty. The author requests us to advocate his plan editorially, and to sign a petition to Congress to adopt it.

We hate to be disobliging, but we have learned by the example of the eminent Ambassador to Great Britain that the subject of Mr. Lubin's pamphlet is a dangerous one to handle.

We will therefore content ourselves with the altogether safe and wise reply which President Lincoln is said to have given to some one who asked him to recommend an article: "For those who like such a thing, I should think it would be just what they would like."

IN CHARLES READE'S magnificent story, "Hard Cash," the ship "Agra," under her heroic captain Dodd, has a desperate fight with pirates whom she at last beats off. As the gallant Indiaman shakes off the last of her assailants, Dodd, who had been severely wounded in the battle, exclaims triumphantly. "Goodbye, ye Portuguese lubber: outfought outmanoeuvred and outsailed!" The report of the committee of the New York Yacht Club leaves Lord Dunraven in much the same plight. The Yankees have shown that they can build better yachts, can sail them

faster, can keep their tempers better, and have a higher notion of honorable conduct than the noble lord. The nation would be pretty sure to come with credit out of any foreign complication if the same committee were in charge of its foreign affairs.

A VERY suggestive book lately published is "The Psychology of Number," in Appleton's Education Series. The authors apparently know a good deal more about number than they do about form—at least about the forms of the English language as a means of conveying thought. This little book, which deals with ideas not of special difficulty, is rather harder reading than Spenser's First Principles. Still, it is worth reading, for it does give an intelligible theory of the development of the number idea in the child's mind. While the old way of teaching number by symbols merely is shown to be radically vicious, the weakness of the Grube method is pointed out very clearly. The first method, as the present writer said in an article in the *Annals* is not properly number work at all: it is a game in which by observing certain rules, you can get certain results, just as you can get the last marble into the central hole in the game of solitaire by making the moves in proper order. Indeed, the operations of mechanical arithmetic can be imitated by substituting any other symbols for the ten numeral figures, and treating the processes of carrying, etc., as mere steps in the game, having no further significance.

The essential fault with the Grube system, according to our authors, is that it ignores what we may call the "relativity of the unit"—that is, the truth that the mind constantly passes from regarding the same object as a unit, to regarding it as a group of units. Some of our readers may remember an article in a former issue, in which we commended the method used by Mr. Booth, of the Mt. Airy institution. It is just this point that struck us as the key-note of his work. He insisted that it is as natural for a child to take a group of objects as a unit as it is to take a single one.

Further, that by combining and resolving these groups the child gets natural, and therefore healthful, mental exercise and learns more easily, naturally, and rapidly. The book is one for teachers to read and think over.

OUR deaf children are profiting by the present very good fashion of publishing the "English Classics" in cheap and portable form. Works of standard poetry and fiction especially are adapted to class-room use and for evening reading. We have in series such works as *Ivanhoe*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and others. *Gulliver*, the

Iliad, *Marmion* have been condensed, and otherwise changed to fit them for use in schools. But we must own to being a little puzzled to guess how the line is drawn, which defines what is and what is not, a classic. Among novelists, Scott, Fielding, Thackeray, George Eliot, perhaps even Dickens are admitted, but Charles Reade is excluded as "sensational."

Scott was "The Wizard of the North," but his wand cast a less powerful spell than Reade's (ask your fourteen-year old boy as to *Ivanhoe* and *Cloister and Hearth*); Thackeray "writes like a gentleman and a scholar," but Reade was of an older family (as they reckon such things in England) and his scholarship was much more extensive and more accurate than his. As to style, no other novelist equals Reade in the power to use every-day English tersely and forcibly. In proof of this; he has adapted from Swift, and the adaptation is stronger than the original. It is conceded that the interest of his plots never fails, and that as a teller of a story he is without a rival. He deals sparingly with the tender emotions, but his pathos never rings false, as some of us think Dickens's does at times, and bits of it, as the description of the skylark singing to the Australian miners in "Never too Late to Mend" will move any one to whom David's grief for his son and the parting of Hector and Andromache are pathetic. His moral tone is the highest. Courage, purity, family affection, true love, are the themes he loves to dwell upon. Where the opposites are introduced, as in a true picture of life they must be, the reader has the moral of good old Caxton, not expressed but suggested; "Do after the good and shun the evil; so shall ye come to honour and renown."

Why is he not a "classic?" Perhaps, because his novels were written with a purpose. It was either the cruelty in prisons, or the state of the law of insanity, or the tyranny of trade unions, or some other abuse that moved him to write. Then, too, his style has affectations that are sometimes unpleasant. He was a comically hot-tempered gentleman, and he lets some of his pet grudges be seen by his readers. But when all is said, we can but think that few writers are as well worth reading, and that any one who could adapt his best books for school reading would do a great service.

THE sensation of the month has been, of course, the wonderful discovery of "cathode photography." This process, as our readers are aware, depends upon the fact that a peculiar light, generated by passing an electric current through a glass tube from which the air has been exhausted until only a mere trace is left, will easily pass through many substances which will stop common light entirely. For instance, we call leather, wood paste-board, and flesh, opaque substances,

yet these "cathode rays" pass easily through them as through glass or horn. As these rays act on a prepared photographic plate, it is possible to take a photograph of a bullet imbedded in the body, of the coins in a pocket-book, of tools enclosed in a wooden box.

What is the significance of this and of the thousand other discoveries of the present time? For one thing, it seems to us, that the search for truth for its own sake, without regard to the use to be made of it is worthy of the highest honor. For the past twenty years "Crookes tubes," by which this discovery became possible, have been known as a scientific curiosity. The discoverer worked long and hard to find out all the facts in this field, with no notion of any "practical" results to which his work might lead. He was never enriched by a patent, and many people would say that his work was of no practical benefit. Yet another man adds one more link to the chain he has wrought, and lo, a cable is finished which reaches down to an exhaustless mine of practical knowledge.

A very significant fact shown by this affair is the great number of bright minds, trained in scientific thought, who are ready to take up and carry on such a line of thought. In the old ballad of Chevy Chase, when the English king is told of the death of the brave Lord Percy, he exclaims:

"God have mercy on his soul,
Sith no better it will be;
I trust I have within my realm,
A hundred knights as good as he."

So we have "a hundred knights" of science pressing close behind the discoverer, and already adding new facts in regard to this wonderful agent.

A valuable result of these striking scientific discoveries is that in such matters the man who knows must be listened to by the man who does not know. It is a grave fault of our time that any one who can talk fluently "holding discourse unabashed, on all things all day long," can often carry the crowd with him against reason and knowledge. But here is a field in which, as any one can see, eloquence and popularity don't count. Knowledge, here at least, is power.

WE have received from Mr. Paul Carrara, of Milan, Italy, a catalogue of the books published by him in cheap form. It shows well for popular education in Italy that there is a market for the recognized standards of Italian literature, Dante, Tasso, Petrarca, in this cheap form, as well as for modern writers of whose merits foreigners ignorant of the language can not judge. The three works translated from the English and prominently advertised are, Shakespeare's plays, Robinson Crusoe, and Uncle Tom's Cabin.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The report of the school for the year ending June 30th, 1895, is out, and the work of mailing it is in progress.

—At the Food Exposition in Trenton this month, Rolly, the eldest son of Prof. R. B. Lloyd, won fourth prize in a guessing contest.

—Trentonians had a good taste of zero weather this month. Of course, there was another period of good skating and our boys were happy.

—Harry Pidcock, who graduated from our school a year ago, visited the pupils last Sunday. He has steady employment in Lambertville, N. J.

—Rev. Mr. Bunting, rector of St. Michael's Church, leaves Trenton on the 1st of March, to take the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Petersburg Va. His parish and the people of Trenton are sorry to have him leave.

—Mrs. Keeler has found bicycling a pleasant recreation from her school duties. Other ladies in connection with the school will probably follow her example and indulge in the sport which is increasing in popularity all the time.

—It seems, from an account in *Harper's Weekly*, that Lincoln's grandfather lived and married in New Jersey. His wife was a Miss Salter, of Freehold. So we can claim that the great Lincoln was, in part, of Jersey stock.

—The classes in gymnastics of the Normal and Model Schools gave an exhibition, under their instructor, Dr. H. B. Boice, on Tuesday evening, the 25th of this month. It was very successful as an entertainment, and as showing good training.

—Messrs. Toft and McLaughlin have bought wheels, and are already expert. The former made a trip to Princeton last Saturday, the 22d inst. With Mr. Porter, who has a Victor, they contemplate making some pleasant trips when favorable weather sets in.

—This has been, on the whole, a mild winter, but during the past month, the thermometer has broken the record for cold. On the morning of the 17th, it registered 6 degrees below zero, which is one degree lower than was ever known in these parts before.

—Mr. R. C. Stephenson, a former pupil of the school, paid a visit to us on the 20th. He played last summer on the Fall River base-ball club. They won the championship of the New England League. He will go south in March to play with the Southern clubs. He looks well and hearty.

—Lincoln's birthday was observed

as a holiday for the first time this year. In this school we had the usual exercises in the morning, and talks about President Lincoln at eleven o'clock. It seems a strange way to celebrate the birthday of a great man, to dismiss the schools and let the children play around the streets. Yet that is the way the public schools celebrate the day.

—We have had two cases of scarlet fever in the school this season, but both of them must have been brought from outside, as both the children were taken within a few days of their return from home. Although neither of the cases was severe, the illness caused a great deal of anxiety and trouble. The pupils were not allowed to go out of the yard for several weeks. They missed their Saturday visit to the city and their Sunday-school very much. It is hoped that we may have a separate hospital building soon. Then we shall not have to quarantine the whole school when there is a case of contagious disease.

—A. L. Pach, in the *Mt. Airy World* of February 13th, suggests the formation of an athletic league for promoting Inter-Institution sports, and thinks Trenton a good place to hold their carnival of sports once a year. It seems to be a good idea, if such a thing can be successfully carried out. Our school has ample grounds for all kinds of sports, which is enclosed by a high fence. Even if a league is not formed, the Fanwood and Mt. Airy teams could meet on our grounds, each team paying its own expenses. The time and expense of either teams going the entire way to Mt. Airy or to New York would be reduced about one half.

—The pupils had a very enjoyable time on Washington's birthday. In the evening a sheet and pillow-case party was held in the gymnasium. This was followed by dancing and exhibitions of dumb-bell swinging. A game of hand ball was participated in by Messrs. Cecil Toft and McLaughlin. Besides this there were several other laughable and amusing features. At ten o'clock the party filed into the pupils dining room where refreshments consisting of ice cream and cakes were served. Among the outsiders present, there were several deaf ladies and gentlemen, notably Isaac Bowker, Francis Purcell, Reuben C. Stephenson, Harry Rigg, Harry Lovelless, Harry Smith, Christopher Hoff, Charles Stokely, Lewis Carty, Frank Nutt, Mr. and Mrs. Salter and Miss Josie Hattersley. Some of the teachers and officers were present to help make things merry.

ENGAGED.

Miss Ella L. Eckel, niece of Mr. J. W. H. Cummings, to Mr. Chas. Lawrenz, Jr., son of Dr. C. Lawrenz, the livery stable proprietor, both of Newark, N. J.

THE NEW JERSEY SOCIETY FOR DEAF-MUTES.

At the regular monthly meeting of this society, held January 25th, the following nominations were made for the annual election of officers on the 29th inst:

C. Lawrenz, Jr.,	President	J. B. Ward
H. Samuels	Vice-Pres	E. F. Scheifler
P. E. Kees	Rec. Sec'y	C. T. Hummer
J. Nash	Cor. Sec'y	J. R. Newcomb
E. Manning	Treas	W. Hutton
J. M. Black	Sentinel	H. Fibeger

A Death Benefit Fund has been created which provides that one-fourth of the profits of the society shall go to the Fund.

The Constitution and By-laws will be amended and reprinted.

ALICE COGSWELL.

The story of Alice Cogswell, the deaf girl whose affliction was the means of bringing about the founding of the Hartford school, as told on another page, is very touching. She was, of course, one of the first pupils of the "American Asylum" and developed into a very bright and lovely girl. Her father was devoted to her and she was equally devoted to him. After his death, from being a merry, sunny tempered girl, she became sad, drooped and after a short time, died of a broken heart. It was a happy thought in the design of the Gallaudet monument at Washington, to place her figure with that of her friend and teacher. We believe that the statue is a likeness, and if so she certainly was a very graceful and beautiful child.

Notice to Parents.

It has been found that the vacations given in the course of the term are a great hindrance to the work of the classes. It has therefore been decided to have no recess at Easter, as has been the custom hitherto.

Politics in Schools for the Deaf.

At the meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League held at Washington, December 12th and 13th, 1895, President Gallaudet delivered an earnest address on the injury done to schools for the deaf in some of the Western and Southern States by subjecting them to the influence of political parties. The following resolution was unanimously adopted, and the Secretary of the League was instructed to send copies of it to the executive of each state:

Resolved, That it is of the utmost importance to establish and maintain the principle of permanent tenure of office during good behavior in schools for the education of deaf-mutes and of the blind and in charitable, humane, educational and penal institutions. The league indignantly protests against the interference of spoils politics in the management of such schools and institutions, and it urgently demands that the shameful and disastrous abuses now existing be peremptorily forbidden by legislation.—*The Annals*.

Herrick and the Lenten Fast.

The Saxons called March Lenet-Monath, "because," according to an old writer, "the days did then begin in length to exceed the night. And being so called when they received Christianity, and consequently the custom of fasting, they called this season the Fast of Lenet; hereof it cometh that we now call it Lent." The quaint Herrick has some pretty verses on this fasting season:—

Is this a Faste, to keep
The larder leane,
And cleane
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and soure?

No; 'tis a faste to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to faste from strife.
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumsise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

A QUEER CASE.

In the first ward of Syracuse lives a man who is suffering from a very rare affliction. In fact, medical authorities have no name for his disease.

The drums of his ears are so sensitive that all sounds are magnified a thousand-fold. To him a fly walking over the window pane sounds like a horse running over a bridge. The buzz of an insect sounds like thunder. Indeed, so acute is his sense of hearing that on still Summer nights he can sit on his veranda and hear the canal drivers swearing at their mules in Geddes. The ordinary sounds of every day life are so intensified by his over-sensitive hearing apparatus that he is obliged to plug his ears with cotton and then have his wife pour in melted sealing wax in order to deaden the sounds enough to allow him to pursue his vocation as an inventor.

The leading aurists, whom he has consulted and who have examined him, agree that there is no help for him and state that there is grave danger of his ear drums being burst from a loud noise, in which case he would lose his hearing entirely.

If some of his surplus hearing could be distributed among people where it would do the most good there would be an example of the eternal fitness of things. And yet nobody can envy this man with hearing to spare.—*Deaf-Mutes' Register*.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest thirty-one
Excepting leap year, that's the time.
When February days are twenty-nine.

—London 1606.

School - Room.

Conducted by R. B. Lloyd, A.B.

IN the long run we shall find the best work of our lives has been that which cost us the most labor. And we shall also find that the most substantial results came from the labor which had in it much of drudgery. When we know that drudgery is becoming a factor in our work and we know we must keep at it, then is born that sure element of success, pluck. Perseverance against weariness is pluck and it always wins. It always repays itself and the pay is worth the earning. School teaching is drudgery at times, and most wearisome and exacting. Yet when the spirit of pluck enters, the drudgery wastes away and the results are always satisfactory.—*The Teachers World.*

An Observation Lesson.

A BOTTLE OF WATER.

NOTE.—The bottle is placed on the table in full view of the class. The children look at the object and think, and each one tells the teacher something he sees or knows about it and the teacher writes it on the blackboard.

It is made of glass.
It is round.
It will break.
It is not broken.
It has some water in it.
It is not corked.
It will upset.
It has a long neck.
It is about eight inches high.

Now tell me about the water.

The water is dirty.
I do not want to drink it.
It is for washing our slates.
It will make things wet.
It came from the boys' wash-room.
Ralph brought it in.
It is made of rain.
Fish live in the water.
The water freezes in winter.
The boys skate on the ice.

Original Sentences.

I.

Write a sentence with each of the words:

on, in, over, out of,
into, off, to, at.
with, for, behind, between.

II.

Write a sentence with each of the words:

yesterday, to-morrow, last night,
by and by, one day, this evening,
last Saturday, next Saturday, last summer.

The Comparative and Superlative.

I.

- Which is the larger, a dog or a horse?
- Which is the taller, Miss H. or Miss T.?
- Which is the older, John or James?
- Which do you prefer, coffee or tea?
- Which can run the faster, Ralph or John?
- Who is the tallest of the boys?
- Who is the tallest of the girls?
- What is the largest building in Trenton?
- What is the largest animal in the world?
- Which is the most useful metal?
- Which is the most beautiful of the flowers?
- Which is the fiercest of animals?

II.

Compare Annie and Mary.

Annie is taller than Mary, but Mary is older than Annie.

Compare the cat or the dog.

The cat's claws are sharper than the dog's.
The cat's hair is softer than the dog's.
The cat is lazier than the dog.
The cat is a better mouser than the dog.

Pictures.

I.

- What does the picture on page 17 represent?
It is a scene in Greenland.
- What kind of animals are drawing the sled?
They are dogs.
- What is the man flourishing?
He is flourishing a whip.
- What are his clothes made of?
They are made of the bear-skin and seal-skin.
- What is the hut built of?
It is built of ice and snow.
- What are these people called?
They are called Esquimaux.
- Where do they live?
They live in Greenland.
- Do they shake hands?
No, Sir, they do not.
- What do they do instead of shaking hands?
They rub noses.
- What kind of country is Greenland?
It is a cold, dreary country.
- How many dogs are harnessed to the sled?
There are five.
- Why don't the people use horses?
Because they have none and horses cannot live there. It is very cold and there is no grass.

II.

- What does the picture on page 68 represent?
It is a man riding on a camel.
- What is the man carrying?
He is carrying a spear.
- What is the spear for?
It is to fight with.
- What is it made of?
It is made of wood tipped with iron.
- Do we use spears?
No, Sir, we do not.
- What do you see on the ground behind the man?
It is the skeleton of a camel.
- What do you see in the distance?
We see some pyramids.
- Where are the man and the camel travelling?
They are travelling in a desert.
- Where is the desert?
I think it is in Africa.
- What kind of place is a desert?
It is dry and barren.
- Do we use camels in this country?
No, Sir, We prefer horses.
- Why are camels better than horses in the desert?
Because they can go a long time without water.

Conditional Sentences.

- If you had twenty-five cents what would you buy?
- If you were a girl what would you do?
- If you were a man would you wear a beard or shave your face clean?
- If you should see an eagle what would you do?
- If you could fly where would you go?
- If you should find ten dollars what would you do?
- If you want a pair of new shoes where would you buy them?
- If you should lose your way in a strange city what would you do?
- If Willie should run away what would the Principal do?

Our Little Men and Women.

- What is the name of this magazine?
It is "Our Little Men and Women."
- How many pages has it?
It has 24 pages.
- Is it illustrated?
Yes, it is illustrated.
- What is the subscription price?
It is \$1.00 a year.
- What is the price of one copy?
It is 10 cents.
- What issue is it?

It is the January, 1863, issue.

- Are there any advertisements in it?
- What are advertised?
Ferris Hams, Imperial Granum, Van Houten's Cocoa, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and many other things.
- Write a subscription letter.

School for the Deaf.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 20, 1896.

Gentlemen:—Please find enclosed one dollar for a year's subscription to "Our Little Men and Women," beginning with January, 1896.

Yours truly,

Flossie M. Menow.

The Senses.

(The pupils discover for themselves.)

- What are the senses?
Hearing, sight, feeling, smell and taste.
- What does sight tell us?
It teaches us form, size, beauty, color.
- What does smell tell us?
It tells us if a thing smells good or bad.
- Which sense tells us the difference between salt and sugar?
- Which sense do you think gives you the most pleasure?

Geography.

(Suggested by the picture of a river. The teacher after drawing out by questioning and exciting their interest and telling them things they do not know, helped them to produce the following:—)

This is a picture of a river. It is a beautiful river with hilly banks. It seems to be quite deep, for steamboats and other vessels are sailing on it. In the foreground we see a town and a fort. We know it is a fort, because we can see the cannon. Rivers are very useful. They give us water to drink and fish to eat. Vessels sail on them and they make the country beautiful. Rivers are formed by springs and by melting snow in the mountains. I have seen the Delaware river, the Passaic river and the Hudson river.

Arithmetic.

I.

(The design of such examples is to train the children to attend to the wording of the question. Often they will just pick out the figures paying no attention to the words.)

- James has nineteen cents and John twenty-five cents; which boy has the more money? How much have both? How much more than James has John?
- Willie is four feet tall and James is five; how much taller than Willie is James? Which is the taller boy?
- Walter walked two miles on Monday, one mile on Tuesday and three miles on Friday; how many miles did he walk in the three days? On which day did he walk farthest? How much farther did he walk on Friday than on Monday?

Write on the slate such words as *five cents*, *nine cents*, and let the children make problems. Children in the fourth year have made such problems as:

- Annie had *nine cents* and Mary had *five cents*; how much money had both girls?
- John had *nine cents* and lost *five cents*; how much money had he left?
- Mary brought some nuts for *nine cents* and an orange for *five cents*; how much did she spend?
- Mary had *nine cents* and spent *five cents*; how much money had she then?
- Joe paid *nine cents* for a ball and *five cents* for a bat; how much did both cost him?

Locate, New Orleans, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Chicago, San Francisco, Quebec, Boston.

II.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 6, 1880.

For value received I promise to pay James Dennis & Co., or order, six hundred dollars, on demand, with interest at 7 per cent.

EENJAMIN POOL.

Indorsements: April 6, 1880, \$50; Nov. 21, 1880, \$60.50; March 31, 1881, \$150. What was due June 30, 1881.

Principal	\$600 00
Int. from Jan. 6, 1880, to April 6, 1880, 3 mo.	10 50

Amount	610 50
First payment	50 00

New principal	560 50
Int. from April 6, 1880, to Nov. 21, 1880, 7 months and 15 days	24 52

Amount	585 02
Second payment	60 50

New principal	524 52
Int. from Nov. 21, 1880, to March 31, 1881, 4 months and 10 days	13 25

Amount	537 77
Third payment	150 00

New Principal	387 77
Int. from March 31, 1881, to June 30, 1881, 2 months and 29 days	6 70

Amount due June 30, 1881	394 57
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EDUCATION OF THE DEAF IS SPREADING.

TIL, within a decade the education of the deaf has been confined entirely to Christian countries. A few years ago a missionary's wife with funds raised in America started a small school for the deaf in China. We have now in America, studying our methods, a gentleman from India, a Brahmin, named Banerji. His intention is to return to his native land and give his time to the education of this class, a beginning having already been made in Calcutta. A Turkish gentleman, Mr. M. Pekmezian is now working for the starting of a school in Turkey. Mr. Pekmezian is an Armenian from Constantinople and lost his hearing at the age of five. Having a liberal minded father he was sent to schools for the deaf in Paris and Nancy and obtained a fine education. Understanding fully what a blessing it is to the deaf, he is anxious to help his less fortunate brethren. He says there are 10,000 in Turkey. Babu Jamini Nath Banerji tells us there are no less than 200,000 in India! The latest in the field as a volunteer to establish a school is Abdullah Iddleby, a Syrian, deaf himself, whose education began in Beyrout was finished in Wales. Mr. Iddleby discovered that there are many deaf-mutes in Egypt, and thinks Cairo a good place to start a school for them. People who believe the money raised to send to missions to convert the heathen, is wasted, would do well to give towards these objects, for it certainly would not be thrown away in the cause of education, and in some future time the governments of these countries seeing the results may assume the support of the schools. That all these projects are led by or pushed by the deaf themselves, speaks for the power for good that education has been to them.

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more
The cloudy summits of our time.

—Longfellow.

H. B. BEALE.

Deaf Poet and Journalist of Great Britain.

ONE of the cleverest deaf-mutes of Great Britain that has come across our notice, is that of H. B. Beale, poet and journalist. Many of his productions have appeared in the *British*



H. B. BEALE.

Deaf-Mute, and the accompanying, which are specimens, would indicate that the attitude of the deaf in Great Britain towards pure-oralism, is the same as in this country.

THE ALLEGED SUPERIORITY OF ORALLY TAUGHT DEAF-MUTES.

To the Editors of the *British Deaf-Mute*.

SIRS:—Owing to some postal neglect, your July issue has only just reached me, but I trust it is not too late to say a few words concerning your reporter's interview with Mr. Van Praagh. I presume Mr. Van Praagh honestly states matter as they appear to him, but no doubt, like most people, "the wish is father to the thought." He says, "The theory that instruction by oral system could only be used in special cases was thereby at once demolished." Does Mr. Van Praagh mean to assert that all born deaf-mutes can master oral speech? When Glendower says, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," Hotspur answers

"Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come when you do call them?"

I do not doubt that Mr. Van Praagh can *instruct*; what I doubt is, if the born mutes can learn to speak, and understand what they speak, to such an extent as to fit them with any pleasure on either side among hearing companions. The oralists whom I have met who could do this in any reasonable degree were all, without exception, semi-mutes who had acquired a knowledge of speech before becoming deaf, and their teachers' sole task was to extend and improve an already existing acquirement. Yet, these semi-mutes were frequently put forward as born deaf-mutes, and undeserved credit was bestowed upon their teachers. I am persuaded that if these cases were omitted, oral pretensions would largely fall to the ground, for, though doubtless born deaf-mutes can be taught to follow lips and speak, yet they do not master language to the same extent as their manualist brethren, who have the advantage of an easy, instead of a difficult system of signs. For, put it as you will, to the born deaf-mute speech is only lip signs, inasmuch as it makes no appeal to his ear. As to Mr. Van Praagh's opinion, "That he supports oralism because it emancipates the deaf-mute by giving him the gift of speech;" because it develops the power of understanding what others say; because it teaches language in the natural way, and because it extends the means of acquiring knowledge, since every one whom he sees talking, and who converse with him, becomes to him a teacher, "while, it at the same time destroy his isolation and makes him better fitted to mix in society," all these statements seem to me incorrect: (1) Speech to the born mute is, as I have said, a totally different thing from speech to the hearing, which appeals to the ear and not the eye. (2) It does not develop the power of understanding the thoughts of others nearly as rapidly as do manualism and signs. (3) The manualist learns far better language because he can master books more quickly, and knowledge is more readily gained by books than in conversing with Tom, Dick, and Harry he may meet.

Written language is, as a rule, far more correct than the spoken language of every day life. And here I beg to call Mr. Van Praagh's attention to the testimony of Mr. A. Farrar in your August number—a gentleman who enjoys the reputation of being the most highly trained oralist in Great Britain. Mr. Farrar admits that he is frequently quite unable to read the stranger's lips, and that it depends very much on their manner of speaking. Mr. Farrar was not a born mute, and if he, with his exceptional educational advantages, cannot understand most strangers, and they frequently understand him, what reasonable prospects have the oralist rank and file of doing so? My experience contradicts Mr. Van Praagh's. I maintain that the English of the manually taught deaf-mutes is purer than that used by the orally taught, as indeed might be reasonably expected, owing to the greater length of time that they are able to learn, as they are not handicapped by a difficult method of acquiring it.

I am strongly in favor of the marriage of deaf-mutes, or of semi-mutes and deaf-mutes. No doubt there are some difficulties as regards children, but in these days of educational advantages in public schools the children of deaf parents suffer far less than they did formerly, and my experience is that there are generally hearing relations or friends who are ready to lend a helping hand in difficulties. Marriage between deaf-mutes and hearing are nearly always failures, because there is not the bond of sympathy between them which should always exist between husband and wife.

In conclusion, if the orally taught hold aloof from their manual brethren of *their own accord*, which I believe is seldom the case, I think it is rather from a sense of inferiority than superiority. But it is well known that when the pupil leaves school the teachers impress it on the parents that they should not associate with the manualists, for fear that their beautiful language should deteriorate. This happened in a case I am acquainted with; a friend informed me that a certain oralist pupil was forbidden by his parents to associate with me from this reason, albeit though a manualist I have a fair knowledge of language. But, granting for the sake of argument, Mr. Van Praagh's statement to be true, if the oralists are at last superior in education to the manualists, they are at least bound to try and help them to a higher level, instead of neglecting and despising them. In so doing they are despising their Maker. The superior is never really dragged downwards in such a case, but lifts the other upwards.

Yours,

H. B. BEALE.

MRS. PROTEUS GRUNDY.

"With just three hundred pounds a year
You may buy clothes but cannot dress;
With strict economy—Dear Sir!
Six hundred *may* do, but not less."
So spoke the fop whose word was law,
Beau Brummel of the white cravat:
Such were the genteel folks of yore
When on the throne the Georges sat.

Poor empty fools! a vanished type,
We say in pity and disdain,
They passed because the time was ripe
For other empty fashions' reign;
Instead of dress, new forms of show
Supply to-day our idle mood,
To run their motley course and go,
And still new crazes are pursued.

Our oral teachers teach the dumb
To speak so wondrously plain,
That for all purpose they become,
In oral theory, again
Adornments of our social boards,
And e'en their mothers deem they hear.
Their artificial speech affords
Such cadence to the hearing ear.

I rather doubt it, I must say,
Despite of Dr. Miller's plan,
But I was born before the day
Of oral splendour burst on man;
The oral scholars that I know
Are far before me or behind,
And quite unable to bestow
The light that radiates from their mind.

Hark to the shrieks for woman's rights,
The clamor of the daughter's cries,
Latch keys to stay out late at nights,
Cruelty that Wanderjahr denies;
These are the sounds that stun our ears,
Till Fashion tires of the game,
And sated Weariness appears,
To start a new cry just the same.

Ah yet, amidst the din and strife,
The visions of a woman come;
The friend or sister, mother, wife,
To scandal deaf—to slander dumb,
Who ever speaks in gentle tone,
Has quiet ways and kindly eyes,
Whose rights are *others*—not her own—
For others works and lives and dies!

H. B. BEALE.

The Deaf of New York

As They See and are Seen.

HERE come upon me once in a while periods of bitterness which I am neither able to ward off or dispel. These periods of sarcasm, very few as they are, may no doubt be due to the season, for outdoors tonight rages one of the worst storms of the winter and considering that the sun has not shone for four days, you will not wonder. Four days of snow, rain, slush and fog are enough to polish the sarcastic end of any body's pen.

My remarks in the December issue of this paper anent the printing trade in New York, wherein I pointed out the absurdity and hollowness of argument of a few, struck terror in certain quarters. But such retorts as they made have no terror for me and the truth must be made known at any cost. The deaf of New York can ill afford to allow this dangerous element, "Falsehood," to circulate and injure them in the manner that it has, and it is gratifying to note the SILENT WORKER's popularity and the good work it is doing among this class.

In my long association with all classes of the deaf in New York, I have observed that certain of them have a habit of exaggeration that amounts to the same as falsehood, and this exaggeration is working ruin that they can neither see or feel.

No doubt this misfortune is born with them, for certainly it does not appear that the exaggeration is done intentionally, but is done without seeing the bad effects that follow.

This petty gossip that exists among some of the deaf of New York, as in other cities, was more general a few years ago than it is today. But the deaf New Yorkers of the present day are more sensitive to the bad effects that follow. The late ball showed in a marked degree the unpopularity of the existence of such things.

Dr. Parkhurst is right when he says : " Never do any action or speak any words which you would not like to see repeated in print."

One of the great pleasures of New Yorkers is visiting deaf friends. Not a week passes, but that large numbers go out of town to visit their suburban brethren, or by some appointment, they stay at home to receive intended callers.

Sunday is the most favorable day for this pleasant duty and it is one of those few recreations that the deaf really appreciate. The trip over and up Long Island, to Fordham and upper vicinity of New York city,

across the Hudson and to Paterson, Newark, or the Oranges and on Staten Island, is in itself an attraction. But the deaf more or less have friends residing in these beautiful places and of course they prefer to escape the city for the "country" at every opportunity on Sundays. It must be reckoned that the weekly exodus is pretty large in consequence, and more so during the summer.

Why I allude to this, is because the attendance at St. Ann's in the church of St. John the Evangelist, is not what it should be and I offer this opinion as to the cause of the small attendance. It is not due to any irreverence to their pastor or the good work of the church. Where formerly some regularly attended church, they now go, but occasionally, and from my point of view I believe that the deaf of New York find it impossible to attend church and then fulfil promised visits in seasonable time, although they feel that their first and highest duty should be to take active interest in their church.

It is not very good taste to visit former school-mates and friends on Sunday mornings. Church services are held at 3 P. M., and the location of the church is so far down-town and the mode of conveyance so slow, that the attendance has greatly fallen off. Even allowing that the majority do not leave the city on Sundays, there will not be a regular congregation in attendance.

And the sooner St. Ann's is granted a new site in a district not encroaching on the parish of some other church of the Episcopal denomination the better it will be. The deaf anxiously await some definite action on the part of the Bishop and Trustees of St. Ann's. To allow thousands of dollars to lie idle in the bank when the sentiment of the congregation, deaf and hearing, is that the new church be erected with all possible haste, is not only unwise but unjust.

Of course obstacles have had to be surmounted which necessarily delayed action a little, but it is entirely too long already. If the property already purchased is challenged and such opposition deemed rightful, there remains but one thing to do, dispose of the property, and consult the Bishop before again purchasing another site.

Certainly, reports of a certain stag held on Dec. 31st last were quite overdone. I have received a letter of commendation from one who is actively interested in the deaf on the report

thereof in this column, and wherein the writer denounces the reports of three weekly papers on the same events. It was only a club matter and private at that, and such "stunning" reports of its proceedings were "quite overdone."

The deaf hereabouts are somewhat elated over reports of that remarkable discovery, the "Roentgen Light." This may prove in more than one way of benefit to them. Mr. Edison has invented an apparatus for photographing the brain by the help of this light and if this is successful, and it gives every promise of being so, we see no reason why it should not be possible to photograph "foreign bodies" in the ears of the deaf. There is a bright outlook indeed before us and we shall follow the daily doings of both Mr. Roentgen and Mr. Edison with more interest than usual

The murder of the old art instructor of the Lexington Avenue School, Prof. Max Eglau, in his studio, which occupies the rooms over the Blacksmith's shop connected with that school for the deaf, is shocking enough in itself. The motive therefor apparently was either robbery, revenge or both. This school has graduated some whose characters are rather unsavory and the police are probably on the right track of the murderer or murderers, when they are firmly convinced the terrible deed was done by a person or persons living outside the school.

Principal Greene has indeed cause for much worry and it is a heavy burden on his shoulders to have his school brought before the public as the scene of the crime, and the injurious effects that follow such occasions are too apparent to need any comment.

I most sincerely hope the deaf of New York will not be made to bear a feeling of shame, if it proves in the end that Max Eglau's murderer was a deaf-mute. Such things as this do more harm to the good name of the deaf than hundreds of articles intended to injure them.

The Quad Club's "Ladies Night" on the 15th instant was a very enjoyable occasion and it is such affairs that are popular among the deaf. The Quadtities know how to enjoy themselves and to please their wives and lady friends. Most of these affairs are desirable and certainly appreciated. Only members of the club are privileged to attend.

"Lincoln Day," Feb. 12th, was a legal holiday in this state. New York celebrated its first new holiday in gala fashion and due homage was paid our Martyr-president. "Honest Abe" was our guiding star of truth that led us through the troubled seas of secession and discontent. He be-

believed in and worshipped the truth
and he had no other oracle than this :
“ Is it right ? ”

He was honest Abe, before he became President and it was, perhaps, because he was the first that he became the second. His determination was best exemplified by the remark, he made long before he became President: "If ever I get a chance to hit that institution of slavery, I'll hit it hard."

He did hit hard and stands known today as our Martyr-president.

ROBERT E. MAYNARD.

Deaf-Mutes....

*know a good thing
when they see it.*

[illegible]

Arrangements have been made by which old subscribers of "The Silent Worker" can get "The British Deaf-Mute", post free, one year for only 50 Cents.

This excellent magazine is published monthly and each number is elaborately illustrated. It has a monthly circulation of 15,000 copies, which makes it the leading magazine for the deaf of all classes in world.

Our Offer. - - -

*In order to increase the circulation of **The Silent Worker**, and to bring the deaf of this country into closer touch with the British deaf-mutes, we will offer both **The Silent Worker** and **The British Deaf-Mute** together one year for only **75 Cents**.*

Remember that, by taking both, you get two of the finest illustrated magazines of the class in the world.

"**Ephphatha**," another English magazine for the Deaf, offers to club with the above. This magazine takes the place of the "Church Messenger," under the same management, and while containing the same policy will be much improved in style and general get-up. The three papers can be had for only \$1.05. Single subscriptions 50 cents.

Send money direct to
"THE SILENT WORKER,"
 Trenton, N. J.

In The Mystic Land of Silence,

A ROMANCE

BY ERNEST J. D. ABRAHAM

EDITOR OF THE "BRITISH DEAF-MUTE."

Illustrated by Alexander McGregor, a Deaf-Mute.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

ABOUT two hours after, when Akalabo, Milcoba, and Ita had been entertained at a repast, consisting chiefly of fruits and wine, they were conducted to the Assembly Hall by the High Utama. The beautiful building was crowded with the Silentians. Milcoba and Ita were invited to repeat the story they had told Zipha. This they did in a very satisfactory manner. When they had concluded Zipha arose and asked if it was the desire of the people that Milcoba and Ita should be forgiven and restored to their families. The people responded unanimously that this was their desire. Then the Utama asked if the people also desired to welcome the strangers to their city. Again there was a unanimous response in the affirmative. When Zipha concluded speaking, Milcoba and Ita were at once carried off by their own people, and Akalabo was surrounded by the Silentians, who vied with each other in showering compliments and words of welcome upon him. When the assembly broke up, Akalabo approached the High Utama and asked to be taken to me. When they had brought him into the Marble Hall where I lay, he saw Chaisa seated beside me, and not wishing to disturb the good lady he had waited in the outer hall, so as to be near and render help when needed.

It was whilst thus waiting that one of the Silentians brought him the tray of wines and fruits, and signed to him to take them to the fair stranger.

Although Akalabo could see that we were in the hands of friends, it was not without difficulty that I persuaded him to seek the rest which he sorely needed. I assured him there was not the slightest reason for fearing danger or treachery on the part of our hosts; without doubt they were a people of peace. Anon he left me with a hearty handshake, and I, after taking a good long pull at my brandy flask, stretched myself on the couch and was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

When I again awoke it must have been about midday. I felt much refreshed, but on trying to rise found I was as weak as a child and still extremely giddy.

Chaisa—who must have quietly resumed her watch over me while I slept—sprang from the settee whereon she was seated, and was at my side in an instant. I asked my fair companion if there was such a being as a doctor in the city, and although she showed great anxiety to understand what I needed she could not grasp the meaning of the sign "doctor," neither could I impress on her mind the necessity of such a person; ultimately I explained that I felt "ill and weak" and desired to be "strong and well." Instantly the cloud of troubled thought left her face, and with a cheerful smile and nod she darted from the hall, soon returning accompanied by four stalwart handsome men, carrying a couple of handsomely-made and tastefully-decorated palanquins. Chaisa covered her shapely form with a large silky wrap, which in its softness seemed to cling lovingly to her; signed to the men to lift me into one of the palanquins, the other being lowered whilst she seated herself therein.

We were carried through several beautiful halls, down marble steps, out into a lovely garden, along winding groves of shady trees of all shapes and sizes; emerging at last into the streets of the capital city of the Land of Silence. As Chaisa and I journeyed through the city side by side she cheered me with comforting words. Presently we came to a standstill outside two massive gates of remarkable grandeur. The gates were of solid gold ornamented with silver and the same bluish metal of which the Silentians' belts and ornaments were made.

Leaving our carriers and the palanquins outside the gates, my sweet guide led me

through these magnificent portals into an enchanting garden which she called the "Garden of Waiting." Never before or since have my eyes opened on so lovely an array of flowers, nor my nostrils inhaled such lasting and powerful odours. The scent was delicious; the scene enchanting. Leaning on the arm of Chaisa I slowly walked round the garden. In a little while we came to a small gate of silver inlaid with precious stones. We passed through this into another garden, which also appeared to be round. I had scarcely taken a half-a-dozen steps after entering when I felt quite faint, the perfume of the flowers overcoming me. My compan-

ion evidently knew what would happen, for she hastily led me to a bower close by, where soft cushions of all shades and shapes abounded. Here I sat with the intention of resting, but instead I seemed to lose all power of understanding, gradually my limbs lost their use, my head appeared to float in a new atmosphere, light, sweet, and beautiful. I felt drowsy, and so exquisitely happy; I could see nothing but flowers—flowers—flowers, everywhere; they seemed to spring from the ground and press themselves against my nostrils; flowers of every possible variety known and unknown to me. My nostrils expanded, and I greedily drank in the soothing perfume.

It was bliss. All at once, through the mass of alluring flowers, I saw two bright eyes, then the flowers slowly faded away, and before me stood the face and form of Chaisa. Her eyes looked through into my very soul, and an idea flashed through my mind that her eyes could speak. This strange thought had scarcely had time to shape itself in my mind when her magnetic eyes again came in contact with mine, and these words became impressed on my mind, "Peace, fair stranger, peace. Rest thy weary body and arise refreshed," and then all was blank. When I awoke it was

with a strange feeling of strength. I had no idea whatever how long I had been unconscious; it might have been three years or it might have been three minutes only for all I could tell. What I do know is that I felt a very Samson in strength. The first thing my eyes met was a juicy fruit which Chaisa was holding towards me for my acceptance. After I had eaten the fruit I arose feeling in remarkably good health; a man indeed. Evidently the plants in this bewildering wonderful garden possessed some mysterious power of healing.

Chaisa must have noticed my bewilderment, for, beckoning me to walk by her side, she led me into the outer garden, and having seated ourselves near a fountain she gave me the following strange explanation, which to me was more like a tale from fairyland than reality. Indeed, as I sit here writing, I cannot but look back on the past with wonder and awe.

CHAPTER X.

THE "Garden of Waiting" was a very extensive garden, or rather a number of gardens in circles. In the centre garden, which was named



THE DECLARATION IN THE GARDEN.

THE WAITING, there grew numerous white flowers, possessing perfumes of most tremendous power; indeed, so strong was the odour of these cabalistic flowers that it was able to take life.

In the second ring or garden another class of flowers grew. This second circle was called the Garden of HOPE. Here the perfume of the flowers was not near so powerful; and in the third or outer circle the scent of the flowers was still less strong. This latter garden was the largest and most beautiful of all, the flowers, trees, and shrubs being of every possible variety, and was known as the Garden of REST.

Before explaining the object of these three beautiful gardens, Chaisa led me into the first circle or "Waiting." It would need the pen of a poet to describe what I saw; I will, however, do my best to set down the wonder that were revealed to me.

The first objects I noticed were countless statues, marvellously true to life. The garden was studded with thousands upon thousands of them. I was completely dumbfounded. These statues had the appearance of white marble, and were dressed in coloured raiment, just as though they were living beings. I examined one after another until I was quite bewildered. The workmanship was perfection itself.

I began seriously to wonder if all the people of the strange nation were artists and sculptors. One thing that struck me as uncommonly strange, even in this enchanting land surprises, was the fact that, with two or three exceptions, the whole of the statues I examined—and I examined a good number—were those of elderly people. It is impossible for me to put into words the state of my mind, or to describe the strange influence this mystic sight had over me; it is totally beyond the power of my poor weak spirit. I was astounded.

The sight was so grand, so imposing, that my mind lost its power of reasoning, and I stood looking from one statue to another filled with fear, wonderment, and reverence. Had it not been for the presence of my lovely guide I certainly should have tried pinching myself to see if I was really awake. I put my hand to my brow, and the action awakened my reasoning faculties. My thoughts rushed back to old England, with its boasted wisdom and greatness, its electric wonders, its mills, coal-mines, slums, hospitals, work-houses, palaces, its canting hypocrites, lying leaders of thought, gluttonous lustful rich, and its starving poor. I could see the deformed male white slaves working thousands of feet under the ground, and the female slaves working the best part of lives in unhealthy prisons called mills. Surely they, my own country people, were but savages when compared to these simple, peace-loving, industrious people.

But to return to my story. It occurred to me that this garden might be the cemetery of the city, so I asked Chaisa if the bodies of the Silentians who had departed this life lay beneath these statues; and if they bore the likeness of the departed. But she could not understand the word "death," it had no meaning in the language; the nearest approach to the word "death" was "waiting." After much misunderstanding I at last gathered that these white figures were not statues at all, but the actual flesh of the beings who had lived. Theosis or souls had left the bodies "sleeping" or "waiting," and gone on their journey to unknown worlds, where beings without their flesh bodies dwell, and would after many ages return with great knowledge, and take possession of their bodies, when the outer shell of the body would fall away, leaving them again young and beautiful.

[To be continued.]

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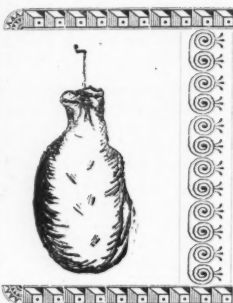
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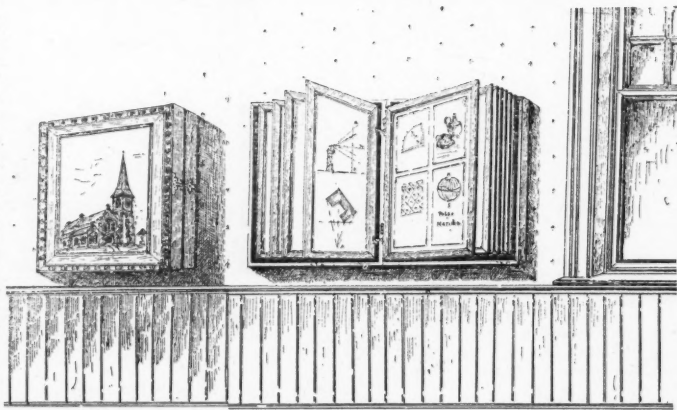
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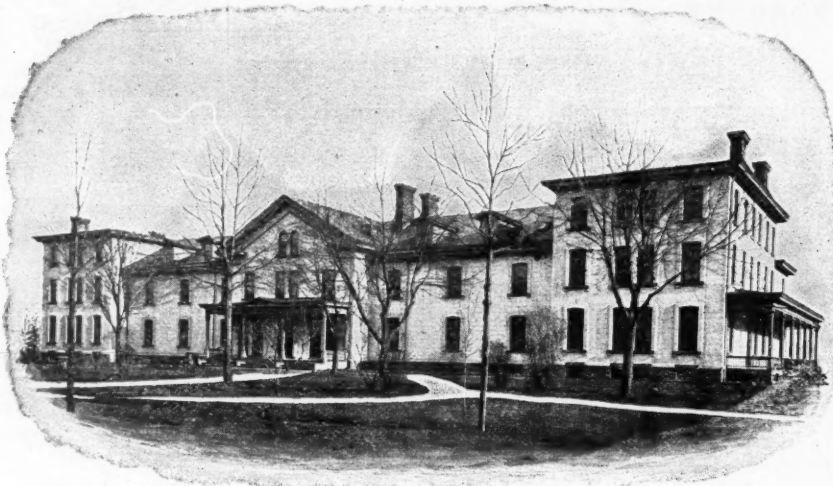
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